THE NATION

FEBRUARY 11, 1961 . . 25c

How NOT to Disarm

THE 'ARMS-CONTROL' DOCTRINE

Seymour Melman

Information or Persuasion?

TV PRESS CONFERENCE

Ted Lewis

The Charles C. Sherrod Libra
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEG
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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LETTERS

Nemerov's Poetry

Dear Sirs: Hayden Carruth's review [*The Nation*, Jan. 21] of Howard Nemerov's *Selected Poems* caused me some distress — not by its opinion, for there was little enough evidence to substantiate any opinion, but by its method. . . .

We are told that Nemerov possesses "superior gifts," but not one is listed. Over half of the review generalizes about the evil of prose in much of today's poetry; when Nemerov *is* introduced, we learn that "Nemerov is not alone." Granted that Nemerov's poems may bear their part of the burden (and virtue) of prose-derived techniques, but this is surely true of the work of our best poets. When Carruth suggests that poetry "is repetitive, specifically in terms of rhyme and rhythm," I agree — and wonder how he has managed to avoid mentioning that Nemerov has, within the covers of this book, managed to include at least a dozen poems illustrating this tenet as well as any written by anyone in the past fifteen years. It seems a shame to use a man's work as scapegoat for a generalization and then to cap it by failing even to mention his work in pointed places.

DAVID GALLER

New York City

Dear Sirs: I would like to question Mr. Hayden Carruth's statement in his review that Howard Nemerov's poems are not the kind that one returns to for rereading.

During the past five years, I have used Mr. Nemerov's work extensively in my writing courses. I have used his work because I believe his poetry will stand as a lasting contribution to the history and tradition of American poetry. The experience of my students and myself through the years has been that Howard Nemerov's poetry at its best is essentially the kind to which one returns over and over and over. In his great poems, his understanding of man's predicament, and his lyrical, modest and oblique expression of that understanding, are an enduring reward.

May I cite Mr. Nemerov's "Moment," the poem which opens his new book; "The View from an Attic Window," "Brainstorm," "Absent-Minded Professor," "The Murder of William Remington," "Death and the Maiden" and "Storm Windows" as among the finest examples of a body of work from which at least my students and I have derived an enduring insight into the lonely depths of man? The lines quoted below, from Nemerov's "Runes," are among the many to which I return:

> This is about the stillness in moving things,
> In running water, also in the sleep
> Of winter seeds, where time to come has tensed
> Itself, enciphering a script so fine
> Only the hourglass can magnify it, only
> The years unfold its sentence from the root.

KAY BOYLE

Rowayton, Conn.

14th Amendment, Section II

Dear Sirs: I am presently involved in four federal law suits to enforce Section II of the Fourteenth Amendment to reduce Representatives and Presidential Electors of the Southern states, where the right to vote is denied or abridged.

A year ago (January, 1960), I wrote and published a book concerning Section II of the Fourteenth Amendment under the title *UNCONSTITUTIONAL Congressional Government*.

Did not Professor Thomas Emerson and Mr. Arthur E. Bonfield know about my efforts, or did they forget to mention them, in their article, "Fourteenth Amendment, Section II: Forgotten Remedy for the Voteless Negro," which appeared in *The Nation* of January 21?

VICTOR SHARROW

Crompond, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Bonfield and I were aware of Mr. Sharrow's book, since he had sent me a copy, and we were also aware of at least some aspects of his litigation. We disagreed with Mr. Sharrow's approach, but did not have space to discuss it in our article.

THOMAS I. EMERSON

Washington, D.C.

Quiet Hero

Dear Sirs: One of the responsibilities of a poet is never to stop exposing the villain and always to throw flowers at the heroine — or hero. Kenneth Patchen has been doing this all his life, although since 1937 he has endured almost total disability from a painful spinal condition. He has had two operations and now faces a third — with no money. His wife, who suffers from multiple sclerosis, is clerking in a Palo Alto store to support the family.

The powers that hand out prizes and jobs to poets have overlooked Patchen — which, perhaps, is not remarkable. The amazing thing is that Patchen can still say, "My interests are in the community of which I am a creative member"; and that he can write (in the December *Liberation*) a beautiful poem about "being created equal" — which begins "Had General Grant been a Xmas tree, you could take some little colored children . . ." etc., etc.

To get the rest of that poem and more facts about Patchen's condition than space here allows, please write direct to him at 2340 Sierra Court, Palo Alto, California; and if you can, enclose a contribution.

WALTER LOWENFELS

Mays Landing, N.J.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1961
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Civility Is Not "Appeasement"

In his State of the Union message, President Kennedy invoked the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt, but in his foreign-policy pronouncements and actions he has followed the oft-quoted advice of Theodore Roosevelt. He is carrying armament to a still higher level of lethality, and great is the rejoicing in the electronics, missile and aviation press that the skinflint Eisenhower, the puppet of the greater skinflint Humphrey, is now out of the way. Kennedy has restated, but not altered, the Acheson policy of negotiation from strength, which basically is self-evident—but in an armament race one never has strength enough (see Professor Melman's article on page 114). He has, however, done something else which may prove equally significant in the long run. The art of diplomacy consists in promoting national interests without giving unnecessary offense; it is an art which has been lost in America since the end of World War II. Kennedy has revived it, and that is all to the good.

The change, however, will not be welcomed in all quarters. The knives, in fact, are already out. In the United States there is an enormous vested interest—military, commercial and political—in everlasting hostility, and even the curbing of verbal expression of belligerence enrages its practitioners. Walter Lippmann may say that the talkativeness of American military men—"most of them reading speeches written by professional speech writers who are paid by the government"—is an international scandal, but to Barry Goldwater and Styles Bridges any attempt to restrict political utterances to civilian officials is a "gag on the military." Nothing is easier than to equate mere civility in international relations with "appeasement." When, for example, the President foregoes an opportunity to make a circus out of the return of two fliers by the Russians, he is accused of withholding information from the public. Goldwater asks rhetorically, "Are we entering into a new period of secret diplomacy in which our government's dealings with the Russians are to be kept under wraps and displayed to the people only after they are accomplished facts? . . . Is this new regime to be a dictaphone-type of 'gag rule' government bent on its own prestige? Or is it to be a government of free speech which holds the people's interest paramount?" The Senator can compose himself. Actions speak louder than words, and Khrushchev can derive little comfort from the Kennedy actions thus far.

As for secret diplomacy, there has never been any other kind—shouted public diatribes are not diplomacy, but propaganda, and usually ineffective propaganda. Woodrow Wilson spoke of "open covenants openly arrived at." The covenants should be open indeed, but in the initial stages, at least, they cannot be open; Wilson was speaking as rhetorically as Goldwater. President Kennedy and his Secretary of State are willing to experiment with confidential negotiation. It may or may not work, but it can hardly fail more abjectly than the policy of wrangling in the United Nations, of military men assuming omniscience, and of threats which are never carried out, such as unleashing Chiang Kai-shek or enlarging the war in Korea. Quiet diplomacy will certainly be a welcome change, and a hopeful one for the future.

The Transformation of the Pirates

Life has its ups and downs, the pin-up girl develops wrinkles, Cinderella becomes a princess, the champion gets knocked out, the banker is caught with his hand in the till. But no change was ever more rapid (and consequential) than the transformation into respectable international figures of the vicious pirates who hijacked

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the *Santa Maria* on January 22. Concomitantly, the government of Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, dearly beloved Premier-dictator of Portugal, has fallen into disrepute. Whatever the personal fate of Henrique Malto Galvao and his small band of rebels (at this writing, with the *Santa Maria's* passengers safely disembarked in Recife, Galvao was still negotiating at high diplomatic level with the Brazilian government), the Salazar regime will never be the same again.

The radio and the newspapers, hungry for color, blew up the incident in their usual fashion. The pirates who so quickly became honorable rebels, almost as honorable as the Hungarian freedom fighters of 1956, were not recognized as such until they had smoking machine guns in their hands. For his part, Salazar, like his counterpart Batista, was in the highest repute until somebody started shooting at his minions and got away with it. It would seem, especially in the United States, that force and violence in an allied government is perfectly acceptable as long as the lid stays on. The British, who were closer allies of Portugal than we, at least had the good sense to pull out of the imbroglio as soon as they perceived its true dimensions, leaving the United States holding the bag.

Still another lesson of *l'affaire Galvao* is that while an OSS temperament is desirable in a revolutionary, it also pays to be a literary man. It is too much to expect that Galvao's maritime insurrection will make the intellectual popular in the United States, but it is safe to predict that he will be less ignored in the future, especially if he is a foreigner. The fact is that Galvao knew exactly what he was doing and did it with a good conscience because he knows literature and history. At his 1953 treason trial, he quoted a classic observation of Victor Hugo's: "When a dictatorship is a fact, revolution becomes a right." This revolution started on the high seas, but it will not end there. The thirty-two-year-old dictatorship now faces new strains. Whatever happens to Galvao and his boss, Delgado, they can take the credit for focusing a world-wide spotlight on a man and a regime that for too long have evaded it.

Two Opportunities

From the job of President Eisenhower's press representative, Jim Hagerty goes to a news bureau vice presidency in the American Broadcasting Company at $100,000 a year. Formerly a $200,000-a-year producer of news and special events for the Columbia Broadcasting System, Edward R. Murrow takes over the United States Information Agency. ABC's news coverage, by general agreement among radio newsmen, has been the poorest of the national networks. Hagerty, if he wants to risk leaving the beaten path, might conceivably make it the best. It would not be a herculean task, for none of the networks has achieved consistent sharpness and insight in their coverage. Even NBC's Huntley-Brinkley team, the most adult of the lot, has left something to be desired from a progressive standpoint; their success has been due mainly to the fact that they found it was not necessary to be stuffy to remain on the air.

Murrow's assignment, however, is the more challenging one. He will need all his initiative and acumen to carry it off. The United States Information Agency has not been a light amid the encircling gloom; at times it has been a pretty sick medium in America's effort to make herself understood abroad. This is not only because a country as rich and powerful as the United States almost automatically evokes dislike. Nor is it because Moscow incited its mobs against a virtuous free-world agency. Our libraries and information centers abroad have been so frequently gutted by mobs, in many places—as in Formosa—that that explanation can hardly hold water. A more plausible theory is that American policies have so often been wrong, and even when right have so often been misstated, that resentment abroad was not unnatural, no matter how one may condemn the form it has taken.

Mr. Murrow says that whatever is done "will have to stand on a rugged basis of truth." This prescription is not quite as Utopian as it sounds—if USIA can be made to function as an information agency and not as a vehicle for propaganda. Even so, it will probably not be possible to tell "the whole truth" about everything or to say anything at all about certain matters; Mr. Allen Dulles and the other "spooks" at CIA have their own views on the limitations of candor. But if Mr. Murrow is to realize another stated objective, namely, "to tell the people abroad," he must use the truth as his yardstick. Admittedly this is a large order, but it would be hard to think of anyone more likely to bring it off successfully than Mr. Murrow.

The Fictitious Documentary

Readers with exceptionally long memories will recall —what television producers have understandably forgotten—that a little more than a year ago the broadcasters were absorbed in elaborate rites of purification following upon the sordid discovery that certain top runners in the quiz sweepstakes had failed the saliva test. We were promised, fervently, almost tearfully, that henceforth the home screen would be as innocent of subterfuge as *Little Women* is of bawdry.

The quiz shows have gone—at least those wherein the sums offered were so large as to be almost erotic—but new ways of providing a reality somewhat rouged and mascaraed for photogenic excitement are already corrupting the chaste wave lengths. The current device

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is to "re-enact" moments in the archives of American crime which would be exquisitely spine-tingling if in fact they had ever occurred. One such show is called "The Untouchables"; another is "The Witness."

The fictions are always so labeled, but, as it were, in a type so small as to verge on the unscrupulous. When, as in the case of "The Witness," every device is used to make the viewer believe he is watching chapters taken from the minutes of a real investigating committee, the disclaimer does not serve to erase the impression that we have "learned something" about crime and justice in this country.

"The Untouchables" is now under fire from the Federal Bureau of Prisons because it recently showed convict Al Capone in a state of dishevelment that reflected on the disciplinary methods of his jailers. Anyone, it is asserted, would be justified in supposing that Mr. Capone's bruises, though not perhaps historical, were at least typical of what a felon may expect while under federal restraint.

Animated by the energy of the new Administration, the FCC may very well press the issue here and try to obtain pledges of abstinence from various license holders. Its success is at best problematical, because the moot question of intent will arise and surely there will be cries of censorship. We doubt, in any case, that backsliding can be prevented. Television is an empire built on the intoxication of hokum; it cannot deny its nature.

Too Many Patrons

Last November, the Brooklyn Museum in New York enjoyed the largest attendance for any November in its sixty-three years. This year, the museum has responded to this growing popularity by closing its doors two days a week.

It is not that the Brooklyn Museum objects to receiving the public. Indeed, like museums in general, it has made a considerable effort in this century, and particularly since the war, to reorganize its exhibits and activities in ways to attract the largest possible response. Museum curatorship has now become actively a branch of public education: exhibits are designed to be both entertaining and instructive; special events are tied in with historical occasions or local activities, and accelerated programs of publicity and public relations are employed to throw maximum attention on the collections.

The public reacts vigorously, and that causes the trouble. As attendance rises, so does overhead — particularly the cost for more guards and larger janitorial staffs to handle the increased activity and care for the premises. Budgets are rigidly channeled (funds received for new purchases cannot be used for new guards) and they are limited. So the Metropolitan Museum is now closed one day a week, Brooklyn is closed two days, and other collections throughout the country are no doubt responding in the same way.

This ironic situation arises because most large city museums are only quasi-public institutions. In New York, for example, the city pays for upkeep, building improvements and guard service; the museum, through funds raised privately, pays professional salaries, supports its special events and adds to its collections.

Museums were founded, for the most part, as genteel embellishments to the community; today they are looked on as necessary public facilities, like schools, hospitals, libraries and parks. The details of such a proposal would require thought and investigation, but certainly the logic of the situation would be to transfer the museums to the public budget. There is no logic to the present situation of dividing responsibility and meeting the greatly increased patronage with curtailed service.

An Ugly American

On February 12, all the statues of Abraham Lincoln throughout the nation will be graced once again with a polite wreath and, perhaps, a few words of remembrance. This year, however, two of the more remote and outlandish monuments to America's saint call for a little extra consideration. One, a stiff wooden likeness of the President, is encased in glass in the museum at Juneau, Alaska. The other, equally crude, perches atop a pole in Saxman Park in Ketchikan. Both were carved by Alaskan Indians after we bought the territory from Russia in 1867. The Indian sculptors, formerly the slaves of other tribes, found themselves freed as a result of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation four years before. In gratitude, they erected totem-pole figures of their liberator, already in his grave.

The totems stand as tributes to a master politician. Lincoln impressed the Indians for two good political reasons: First, he was able to *do* something for them, albeit posthumously. And, equally important, he had style — the homely touch, combined with a grandeur of heart and thought in his utterance of principles.

Our new leaders, who are anxious to raise America's prestige among the faraway peoples of the world, should note Lincoln's success in Alaska. It will not be easy to do something for all the millions of nameless Africans, Asians and South Americans, if only because they are citizens of other jealously sovereign states. People will live on hope and trust, for lack of better; and master politicians always have sensed that an image has holding power. President Kennedy may not be able to project himself as a fetish figure for the embattled Congolese, but he might bear in mind that the sophisticated and elusive Prime Minister Nehru of India keeps on his desk a cast of the hard-worn hand of Lincoln.

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INFORMATION OR PERSUASION?

TV PRESS CONFERENCE . . *by Ted Lewis*

SINCE IT FIRST blossomed under the hand of that political genius, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Presidential press conference has been Washington's best political show. Yet it is not as good as it used to be. Where once a President could use it to inform, it is now in danger of becoming a vehicle of persuasion rather than of information.

This deterioration is due basically to the development of TV and radio — scientific advances totally beyond the President's control. So Kennedy, much as he might prefer the intelligent format conceived by FDR, must accept the inevitable and make the most of what the conference has become.

What specifically are the weaknesses of the present question-and-answer production? First of all, it is a "live" TV and radio show, requiring the President to be cautious about the words he chooses. This alone results in a stiff, stilted quality, somewhat like that of a Broadway dress rehearsal when the actors are on edge over opening night.

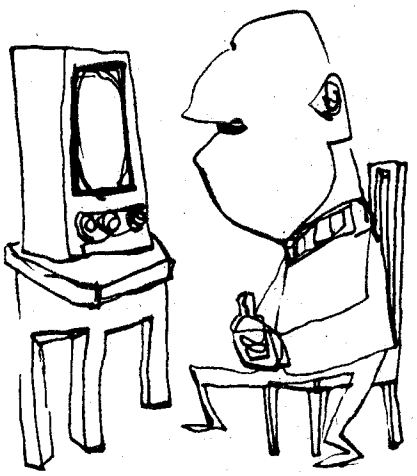
Then there is the time limitation. The prospect that the conference must end, come what may, after a stipulated time — for eight years, during the Eisenhower administration, the limit was a half-hour — gives an eerie quality to the whole performance, and especially for its participants.

There is also the objection to the new setting — the glossy, large auditorium in the State Department building, half a mile from the White House. It is a formal, cold room; and the young President, who cannot possibly like the arrangement forced on him, must stand on a step-high podium, the press spread out before him in upholstered seats like a college class about to hear a lecture. In contrast, Eisenhower stood level with the press in the Indian Treaty Room conferences. Those in the first row could almost lean out and touch him. It made for desirable informality.

All this criticism is valid, but isn't it trivial? Isn't the heart of a press conference the question-and-answer procedure? True, but one must examine what has been happening to this procedure. It is rapidly becoming a way of extracting only a great deal of superficial information from a President. It is no longer, as in FDR's day — even in Harry Truman's — a method for ferreting out what lies deep in the Chief Executive's mind. In those days the "Q and A" format could reveal basic information — the kind that a President is much more apt to give when he knows that he is not going to be quoted either directly or by attribution.

AS THE press conference now functions, the important "follow-up" questions aimed at drawing out the President on a subject he has but briefly touched on is almost impossible to put. Without the follow up, the answers often lack depth and significance and raise more questions later among the reading and viewing public.

But it is impossible for reporters to follow up the first prodding question in an arena where sometimes hundreds of hands are raised, most of them by newsmen more anxious to ask their own pet questions than to follow up another's more pertinent inquiry. And under the circumstances, a President must at times wonder how he can use the press conference to discuss in depth a problem on which he wants the nation to know exactly how he stands, and concerning which he needs the support of the people.



About all he can do today is to come to the meeting with a mimeographed announcement in his pocket which he will read at the start of the session — and then hope that the proper questions will flow. (Or sometimes, in advance of the conference, the press secretary will forearm a trusted reporter with a question guaranteed to elicit an "interesting" answer.) Even so, the conference can go off on a tangent, with too many important questions left unasked, and too many trivial ones asked.

The opening-statement technique is not new. FDR occasionally used it. Kennedy himself made sure his first Presidential press session would grab headlines by reading a prepared statement on the release of the RB-47 fliers. But the questions which followed the announcement revealed the handicaps imposed on good reporting by the setting and circumstances. For instance, the connection, if any, between the release of the fliers and Kennedy's continuation of his predecessor's ban on U-2 flights was never pinned down. Perhaps to the President's relief, the line of questioning suddenly shifted to the possibilities of a Summit conference, and the U-2 was forgotten.

KENNEDY'S announcement about the fliers assured what is generally called the success of the conference. But outside of this announcement, the public really learned very little.

What can be done to assure that a question-and-answer session will concentrate on really big news rather than on a scattering of subjects, many of merely parochial interest? Perhaps the conference could be lim-

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ited to a single subject — Cuba, for instance. It is a fair bet that after a half-hour of repartee, the country would have a good idea of the approach to the Cuban problem that the President has in mind. This would be true even if he ducked some questions; his "no comment" is often a tip to what he is thinking.

The same technique could be used when the President wants to say something about Laos, the missile lag, or a piece of domestic legislation that is on his mind.

THOSE WHO have not thought much about the Presidential press conference are inclined to accept it as it is. It is, of course, dramatic, if not always informative; it gives people the feeling that they are getting answers to what they want to know — and have a right to know — from the one official they all elect. The flaws in the production are easily overlooked. They become apparent only when a contrast is made between what we have now and what we had in the days of FDR.

The New Deal President usually met the press twice a week in the informal setting of his office. He often applied background to the problems with which he was wrestling. He spoke frankly off the record. What he said on the record usually could be paraphrased only, or quoted indirectly. The reporters became his information emissaries; informed themselves, they were able to inform the nation. And, of course, the President could use the technique to get his own views planted with the people before the critics got back at him.

Some of the delightful exchanges between Roosevelt and the reporters are a precious part of history. They need to be read occasionally by those who are a little saddened by the changes time has wrought on the White House press conference.

On April 19, 1933, FDR had a cold and the press conference was held in the oval room instead of in his office. The President starts the conference with a question: "What is the news?" There's general laughter. Then the reporters begin their questions:

Q. There is some talk about inflation.

A. How do you define inflation?

Q. I don't know what it is. (Laughter)

A. Neither do I. I have gotten to the point where even a cigarette tastes bad.

Q. That is a sign of a cold?

A. Yes, it certainly is. . . .

FDR had held his first press conference as President on March 8, five weeks before. The banks were closed, but in the works was the FDIC, aimed at guaranteeing most deposits so that the banks could open with depositors knowing the government would make good any losses. But on March 8 money was a scarce commodity.

"Do you favor scrip or scrip issued by clearing houses?" FDR was asked. Under the protection of his off-the-record edict, the President could reply frankly:

> Well, there again you are getting down to details and a very good illustration of why you cannot ask for too detailed legislation. About Monday, the day before yesterday, a very, very wide use of scrip seemed necessary: and by last night it looked possible to avoid such a general use of scrip. But it does not mean that scrip will be eliminated by any means.
>
> Scrip may be used in many localities, pending the working out of a sounder plan and more permanent plan to get additional currency in use. Now I can't tell you any more about that, because we are still working on the details, but essentially it means an addition to the available currency.

This informal chat gave background information on a delicate subject. The wrong word, the violation of a pledge to handle what was said without stating the source, could have had catastrophic results.

Only when the war came in 1941 did FDR's press conferences diminish in number. (He held 337 press conferences during his first term; they were rarely attended by fewer than 100 reporters, more often by 200.)

When the war was over and FDR in his Hyde Park grave, Harry Truman carried on his own version of the press conference — an unimaginative, almost wholly "Q and A" affair. Basically, that is what it remains. Yet the fault lies neither with Truman nor Eisenhower. Neither can our present President be blamed, although he is an audacious person who might well have thought of, and then desisted from, trying to break the chains that bind him. Perhaps he still may do so.

WHAT has happened is as natural as the flow of a brook to the sea.

The growing communications systems were bound to have a magnetic influence on Presidents. Any President worthy of being a politician is always anxious to project himself to the people as often as good taste allows for. His motive is usually good. He doesn't want to get his image into living rooms or his voice into the box that talks for any purpose other than the estimable ones of (a) informing the nation of what is going on; (b) explaining how he has lost sleep over problems; (c) coming up with the answers; and (d) pleading for support.

Remembering this human Presidential inclination, it was easy enough for Eisenhower's press secretary, James Hagerty, to sell his chief in 1953 on the capabilities of TV and radio. A somewhat historic move followed. Cameras and mikes were set up in the Presidential press conference room. To be sure, nothing "live" went out, only edited tape and voice recordings. The ban on "live" shows held for eight years, but it was bound to fall — and it has. So now we have a couple of hundred unpaid actor-reporters and, as star, a handsome, capable President who must sometimes wonder whether he is being "used" or whether he is using an opportunity he should appreciate to get before the public for free.

Because there is little question that Kennedy believes he must have the people with him, he must seek out the best platform available from which to reach them. The press conference podium is not the one. Perhaps the solution will be a 1961 version of FDR's fireside chats. What better way for the President to convey important information, packaged in simple, direct language, to the millions over the country whose support he wants as he seeks to end the cold war and lift the economic burdens at home?

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THE 'ARMS-CONTROL' DOCTRINE . . *Seymour Melman*

> In the diffuse field of general disarmament, the Administration's thinking appears to center on "arms control" rather than on reduction of arms. . . . While keeping the reduction of arms in view as the ultimate objective, the Administration's disarmament theoreticians hope for more immediate progress in measures that would create what former Secretary of State Christian A. Herter once called a "stable military environment."
>
> —*The New York Times*
> Jan. 25, 1961

DISARMAMENT is still a professed goal of American policy. But for several years now a growing and influential group of American strategists, while continuing for the most part to give lip service to disarmament as an "ultimate" goal, in reality are working toward an entirely different one—arms control, i.e., a permanent, regulated international military-deterrence system.

This shift in aims has been apparent in a spate of publications, debates and forums which have come to public attention in the last year. Notable, in this regard, were the Conference to Plan a Strategy for Peace, held at Arden House last fall, and the "Collected Papers" presented at the Summer Study in Arms Control, published last year by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

The new doctrine evolves logically from the "hard-headed, realistic" thinking that produced, first, the theory of "superior military strength" and then, on its wreckage, the doctrine of "massive deterrence." The theory of superiority became obsolete, for all practical purposes, with the application of a bewildering number of technologies to military problems; no one country could count on being ahead of all others in every technology. Now massive deterrence is falling into obsolescence. Both sides have it, and it has resolved nothing; it has simply made the brink, on which both sides continue to teeter, more frightful.

So the "hard-headed realists" have come to the conviction that if we cannot have superiority in arms, we ought, at least, to have equality. This is the basis of the doctrine of arms control. And it is the more dangerous because, while remaining a salable theory to the Pentagon and to the arms industry, it can — and is — being sold to the public as a kind of disarmament.

THE FATHERS of the new doctrine — a vigorous, intelligent collection of scientists, scholars and military professionals — arrived at the idea for varying reasons and with diverse approaches to it. Some among them, as government advisers or weapons technologists, had played important roles in the arms race and had become fearful that it was getting out of control. For them, arms control reflects a crisis of conscience; they are well aware of the Armageddon to which a continuation of the arms race could lead.

A second trend favoring arms control can be recognized in certain military and political theorists, together with munitions makers, who found in the doctrine a method for heading off the growing public pressures for disarmament. This group finds the dual appeal of arms control entrancing: it can be presented to the public as disarmament, yet in some views of arms-control requirements it need not close down a single major military establishment, nor put any obstacle in the way of the Pentagon's war games and strategy planning.

Then there is a group of men, many of them in government service, who tried repeatedly to implement disarmament measures, and found themselves stymied by the opposition of the Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission. (Saville Davis, managing editor of *The Christian Science Monitor,* has marshaled impressive evidence on the persistence of this opposition in an article written for the fall, 1960, issue of *Daedalus.*) Wearily, this group has now decided that it is futile to buck the military any longer, and has turned to arms control.

Finally, there are those who fear disarmament because "it would leave the United States naked." (Fear of "nakedness" has become a national phobia. The fear is present even with our current high level of armaments; the mere prospect of disarmament heightens it. The phobia is the price we are paying for our apolitical attitudes of the last decade.) For these men, who have no explicit theory of society which they are prepared to match against Bolshevik doctrine, the sword is their only shield. Indeed, they know no other politics but the sword; and if, by the mischance of ubiquity, technology makes it impossible for us to be certain that we have the bigger sword, at least we should make certain that we have one just as big.

IT IS AT this point that the ultimate fallacy of arms control—in fact, of all military-deterrence thinking—is exposed. Wars generally serve political ends; one may go further and say that not all battlefields are military. Of what use is it, then, to exhaust our energy and resources on weaponry if the Soviet Union chooses to fight on the political and economic fronts? Or do we attack militarily anyway, destroying ourselves in the process of destroying the enemy?

The strongest supporters of the theory that military power is the best foreign policy are those who are out to "destroy communism," to "get it over with"—even at the cost of our own destruction. The theory finds merit with those who see it as unbearable that the military deadlock should continue while the Soviets succeed in extending their political system. Such are the tensions reflected in a military strategy which envisages the destruction of the Communists at whatever cost to ourselves. This is not really strategy; it

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is defeatism, a counsel of despair —all the more marked because it involves a yielding of the political and economic initiative to the Soviet Union.

ARMS CONTROL, say its supporters, will provide for both military stability and the factor of deterrence. Will it? To achieve military stability, i.e., a stable balance of military strength, it is necessary to agree not only on the numbers of weapons-in-being, but to freeze (a) the ability, and (b) the will, to make new ones.

But the only way to freeze the ability to develop new weapons is to disband major research-and-development facilities and to put their personnel under appropriate inspection and control. No arms-control scheme yet put forward contemplates any such step.

And the only way to freeze, or to destroy, the will to make new weapons is to achieve a relaxation of the present fear-ridden mentality, engendered by distrust, which grips the world. This distrust, which is basically a political factor, will not be dispersed by agreements that are designed to regulate, but not to terminate, the arms race.

Arms control, therefore, will not achieve military stability. Military technologies will continue to be developed in the customary way, with first one side and then the other seeming to have the advantage.

We turn now to the factor of deterrence. What exactly will arms control deter? Presumably, a major missile attack by one of the great powers upon the other. But equality in missiles, for example—i.e., arms control—will not necessarily deter a "first strike" if that promises advantage to one side or the other (assuming the will to strike is there). Obviously, the more nearly equal two opposing forces are, the greater the role surprise and evasive maneuvers can play in the outcome of the conflict. In this sense, arms control might well increase, rather than decrease, the danger of surprise attack.

Of course, there is the deterrence implicit in retaliation "from the grave." This is based on the premise that the Russians know that, if they attack first and, in the process, utterly destroy our country and every living soul in it, our weapons-control systems would nevertheless go through their grim, automatic ritual and destroy their country and their people. The picture of death dealt from an uninhabited wasteland is surely a piece of insanity beyond reckoning; but it is an insanity to which both sides must subscribe, else there is no operative deterrence.

Critical Mass

Yet in other respects the promise of stabilized deterrence through arms control is based upon the premise that governments always behave with substantial regard for rationality. That this is not true, history amply demonstrates. Under conditions of recurring international tension, irrational decisions, based on erroneous estimations of the moves or intentions of the opponent, are more likely to occur than rational ones. Each side, equipped with an arsenal of strategies for outwitting the other, can readily impute to the other side his own intentions (which may not always be of the very best). Conditions of crisis are a standing invitation to national leaders to make human errors of judgment.

Moreover, error—human or mechanical—could precipitate catastrophe in another way: through accident. Arms control would not perceptibly lessen this danger, which is inherent in the very existence of the complex missile weapon and the equally complex warning and response systems that are its necessary adjuncts. And it must be stressed that, in a massive missile stalemate, even a single accident could be fateful for mankind.

All of these complexities would be multiplied by the appearance on the world stage of new members of the nuclear club, to say nothing of new ways to deliver atomic warheads. These altogether realistic possibilities underscore the importance of reaching some sort of test-ban agreement quickly which would put a limit to the number of nuclear powers. But this inference is not generally made by supporters of the arms-control doctrine.

IN A SUBTLE way, "national security," "stability" and "deterrence" —all promised by the new doctrine of arms control—have come to imply, to many persons, *political* security, *political* stability and *political* deterrence. This is self-deception. As I have already indicated, schemes for balancing military power can be outflanked by political and economic methods. Arms control could well become the political Maginot Line of the West. Political and economic competition must be met on its own terms; it cannot be evaded by alignments of missile systems and the self-deception involved in them.*

It is precisely in this field that inspected disarmament, with objectives and methods basically different from those of arms control, offers important hope. It opens to the West alternatives to a policy of sole, or major, reliance on military power; it presupposes that the West can indeed deal with political and economic competition on its own terms —and do so successfully (the economics of disarmament would strengthen the West in this non-military competition). If reliance on arms—controlled or not—to solve all problems is a counsel of despair, then

*For an analysis of problems and conditions for meeting Soviet economic competition in the crucial sphere of machinery production, see: "Report on the Productivity of Operations in the Machine Tool Industry in Western Europe," by S. Melman (European Productivity Agency, Paris, Oct., 1959); "The Machinery Makers," *The Listener*, Nov. 26, 1959; "Russia—a Lathe Every 15 Minutes," *Mechanical Engineering*, Oct., 1960.

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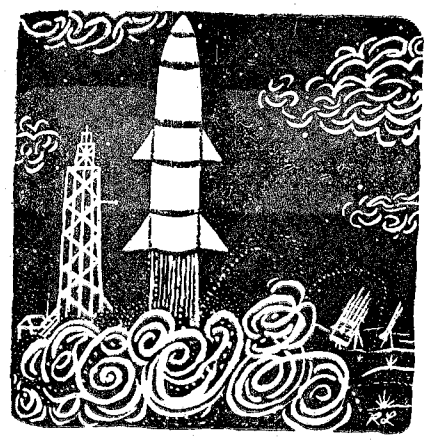
reliance on inspected disarmament is an article of faith.

Inspected disarmament holds out other realistic hopes. The inspection process would reduce the technological capability of war-making—a result impossible to obtain through arms control. By creating confidence in international political processes, it would reduce the intensity of the fear and distrust implicit in the cold war. The reduction would be cumulative. The first disarmament agreement (necessarily the goal would be arrived at in stages), which might provide *inter alia* for an international inspectorate and a method for adjudicating disputes, would in itself help to create an atmosphere of confidence in which subsequent agreements would be easier to achieve. (The feverish efforts of groups with an occupational or political stake in the arms race to prevent a bomb test-ban agreement may well be explained in this context. Obviously, a mere test-ban agreement would not affect present military capabilities; but the arms-race supporters can justifiably argue that such an agreement would encourage subsequent and more far-reaching ones.)

Inspected disarmament would certainly stimulate the pro-peace and pro-freedom segments of society in the Soviet Union and the United States. There is evidence that in both countries there exists a vast, latent sympathy with the disarmament ideal. While there is little evidence of anything other than private



debate on the subject in the Soviet Union, the very fact that the discussion there parallels ours suggests that an operating disarmament process would strike fertile political roots among the Russian people.

PUBLIC DEBATE in support of disarmament invariably runs into the objection that no inspection system can be foolproof, and therefore the whole business is too dangerous to risk. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Where are the assurances that an unhampered arms race, or even one under a system of controls, would save us from being blown to smithereens? The most that proponents of arms control can offer us is a dubious, short-range hope of avoiding immediate catastrophe. But none among them has seriously advanced the argument that arms control can have any long-term value in safeguarding this country, or the world, against a calculated or accidental nuclear holocaust.

Proponents of the arms race are willing to risk the destruction of civilized society in the name of defending it. The development of the arms-control doctrine may be regarded as the partial response of conservative theorists to the growing strength of the disarmament idea. The weaknesses and dangers of the doctrine are the weaknesses and dangers of the arms race—and of conservative thinking in the West.

This much is clear: arms control is a theory of armament, not of disarmament.

There is risk and uncertainty attached to every political policy. For each person in a free society, the choice of where to take one's chances is determined by one's values. If these values include a high regard for human life, a desire to develop man's potential for peaceful living, and the will to extend the boundaries of freedom, then the strategy of disarmament, with its allied political and economic goals, is the preferred course. But if one's values place human life at low worth and include a preference for man's destructive potential and for authoritarian relations in political life, then some variant of conservative military theory, such as arms control, is preferable.

The pity is that so many of us make our choices without awareness of the ends, or values, that are being served.

THE UNIVERSITY LEADS THE WAY

GEORGIA REJOINS the UNION . . *by Bruce M. Galphin*

Atlanta, Ga.

THE TIMES caught up with Georgia last month with breathtaking speed.

The new year began with school segregation practices still intact. There was, of course, the handwriting on the wall for those who cared to read: the inexorable course of events in Virginia, Arkansas and Louisiana; the student sit-in movement in Atlanta, symbolizing the determination of the New Negro to become a full-fledged citizen; the gradual chipping away of segregation in waiting rooms, on trolleys and on golf courses; and, further away, the ferment of a whole continent of new nations.

But for the time being, at least, no one had snatched away the well-chewed States' rights pacifier; and, if a Georgian wanted to, he could still imagine himself an island.

Then, with the swiftness and force of a whirlwind, two young Negroes penetrated the state's racial barriers in education for the first time in history, and neither mob violence nor Georgia's bag of statutory tricks was able to throw them back.

Gov. Ernest Vandiver who, six

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years before, had promised in his campaign for lieutenant governor to go to jail before acquiescing in the Supreme Court's desegregation edict, and only two years ago swore that "no, not one" Negro would cross the color line, now had painfully to announce that "I will not defy the law"—and asked for repeal of Georgia's strait-jacket segregation laws.

One hundred years to the day after Georgia had seceded from the Union, the administration's legislative leaders introduced bills which would allow desegregation to proceed at an orderly if slow pace, and it seemed that Georgia indeed had rejoined the Union.

IT WOULD be easy to read too much significance into these events. They have not swabbed away the infection of racial intolerance. Nor has Georgia necessarily set the pattern for the Deep South. Following Gov. Vandiver's decision, Alabama's Gov. John Patterson proclaimed that, faced with the same choice, he would close the University of Alabama.

But the Georgia case does have educational value. It has demonstrated again, if the point needed demonstration, that the Supreme Court meant what it said in 1954 and has the power and machinery to enforce its decision. And it reaffirmed for the doubters the faith of the New Negro in the rightness of his course.

More important, it gave many Georgians, particularly the college youth, their first real look at this New Negro—not in the abstract, not in symbolic form (e.g., Martin Luther King, Jr.), but in two flesh-and-blood realities, young, attractive, intelligent and audaciously demanding to be treated like human beings.

The Georgia case also has shown how men of good will, if they find the courage to speak their convictions, may help create a political climate in which anachronous and indefensible positions may be abandoned with some degree of calmness and decorum. And finally, the case has clarified what should already be a self-evident political proposition: that states have "rights" only if they also accept responsibilities, and that among these is protecting the individual right, guaranteed by the Constitution, not to be discriminated against because of race or color.

It is possible that many students on the University of Georgia campus in January, 1961, will never again obtain so much education in one dose as when they first saw Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes. It may be inconceivable, in this day of television and other mass media, that any college student should cling to the image of the Negro as an ignorant, ill-clothed, obsequious field-hand or "mammy," but there apparently is no other way to explain the shock expressed by so many students during the Negroes' first days. Exclamations of "Why, she has such poise!" and "I think he's cute" or the like were quite common. Undeniably, many of the students who followed the Negroes about on their first days bore animosity, but there was far more simple curiosity.

Much has been said about the demonstrations and ultimate riots on the University of Georgia campus. The student newspaper, *The Red and Black,* which campaigned so sincerely for calm acceptance of desegregation, laid part of the blame at the feet of the press. University and City of Athens officials criticized "outside influences." It is true that the presence of the news corps did focus undue attention on Holmes and Miss Hunter. That is in the nature of news coverage, especially news photography. It is also unfortunately true that there were some verified instances of camera men's exhorting students to violent gestures. (Being photographed apparently is an irresistible lure. I have seen high school students in New Orleans interrupt their rioting to grab up the latest editions of the *States-Item* to check for pictures.) It is true, too, that there were "outsiders" at the riot staged near Miss Hunter's dorm-

The Teachers Take a Stand

On the night of January 11, violence erupted on the campus of the University of Georgia following the admission to the university of two Negro students. The two students were immediately suspended "for their own protection." In the ensuing twenty-four hours, the following petition, drawn up by faculty members Frank Gibson, Horace Montgomery, Lester Walker and Joseph Schwartz, was signed by 300 of their faculty colleagues:

We, the undersigned members of the University of Georgia faculty, wish to commend the administrative authorities of the University of Georgia, especially the president, the dean of men, the dean of students, and the majority of the student body for the manner in which they have conducted themselves under the trying conditions of the past week, and we pledge our continued support to these authorities in carrying out their responsibilities under the law.

We deplore and condemn the incidents of Wednesday night, Jan. 11, and regret that officials of the State of Georgia were unable or unwilling to protect the right and property of the University and its students.

We also deplore and condemn the behavior of certain outside elements and those University students who regrettably joined in lawless demonstrations.

Continued incidents of this kind can only destroy the prestige of the University, result in loss of faculty and discourage and depress the student body.

Let the governor of this state, its law enforcement officials and the people know that we, members of the faculty of this great institution, will not retreat from the responsibility of standing steadfastly by the rules of law and morality.

Believing this, we, the undersigned, insist that the two suspended students be returned to their classes and that all measures necessary to the protection of students and faculty and to the preservation of orderly education be taken by appropriate state authorities.

In the ensuing days, more signatures were added; as of now, more than 400 of the 500-odd members of the faculty have signed the petition.

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itory — townspeople, adults from farther away, the head of the national Klan and some of his Klansmen. (Eight admitted Klansmen were arrested in Athens that night; one of their cars contained a small arsenal of pistols.)

But neither the K.K.K. nor newsmen can be blamed for creating the riot. Each group was merely practicing its trade, while some 1,000 to 2,000 students milled around either as direct participants or as observers. Photographers in particular were discreet that night. After a rock-throwing incident the night before, hardly one unsheathed his camera, with the result that the Athens riot was one of the least-photographed in recent years.

FOR ALL their desire for absolution, the students themselves must shoulder a great deal of the responsibility. Of course, it may be argued that university youngsters, being similar to people, are easily led. So perhaps the ultimate blame lies not on the thousand or more students who participated passively, nor on the 500 who participated to the extent of shouting, nor even on the "hard core" of recalcitrants and genuine psychopaths who planned the riot, but on the politicians who encouraged disobedience to law and order. While many a politician would like to duck this responsibility, the Speaker of the Georgia House faced it squarely. Stepping down from the chair to support a resolution urging leniency on suspended students, he reminded the legislators that adult politicians for years had preached defiance of the Supreme Court's ruling.

The face of the angry mob became the face of the University of Georgia to the world that riotous night, but it must be remembered that barely a quarter of the student body was there even to watch. Many students worked hard to welcome the Negroes, or at least to maintain respect for the law and human rights. A group, banded together as Students for Cooperative Action, collected nearly 2,700 signatures on a petition to the legislature calling for acceptance of desegregation. During the first tumultuous days, these and other students issued several sets of mimeographed appeals for good behavior and "golden rule" conduct toward the new students. The Newman Club designated official escorts for Miss Hunter, a Roman Catholic. Quite a few girls came to visit her room in Center Myers Hall. If these gestures seem small to the outsider, bear in mind that even this much human decency risked the calumny of fellow students and home-town friends.

The great bulk of the student body falls into the category of resigned acceptance. They will have nothing to do with the Negroes—or so they say—but neither do they want mob disorder or interruption of their education. Said the disturbed young man who sat in a nearby soda shop throughout the rioting at Center Myers: "I'm for segregation, but my

father runs a two-pump filling station. Everyone in my family has sacrificed something for me to be able to go to college. It would kill them if I took part in the riot and got expelled."

This great mass of uncommitted students could be reached through education. One wonders what they have been studying at the university. Thus far, their only tutors in political science appear to have been the extremist politicians; they keep spewing up such clichés as "judicial tyranny," "federalism" or "socialism." (The prize was the complaint that the "long arm of federal tyranny is crushing us under the heel of its boot.")

Perhaps the faculty, now that theory has turned into reality, and now that more than two-thirds of them have signed a petition supporting acceptance of the Negroes, will find the courage to cure this defect in their students' education.

In the long run, if the university and the state maintain order at the university—and they have given every indication they intend to do so—it will really be up to Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes to win acceptance for themselves as human beings. Thus far, they have demonstrated the capability and resilience necessary to survival in their pioneer roles. Indeed, their obvious personal and scholastic qualifications made a mockery, during the trial of their case, of the university registrar's rejection of them.

APPARENTLY to bear out their contention that segregation was not practiced at Athens, university officials had given "tentative" acceptance to Miss Hunter—provided she could find her way through a fantastic maze of deadlines (which were not scrupulously followed for white students). But Holmes was rejected outright because, it was said, he had been "evasive" and "contradictory." The contention was so absurd that U. S. District Judge W. A. Bootle felt compelled to comment, in his opinion, that the university representative's interview with Holmes apparently had been conducted for the purpose of excluding him. The nineteen-year-old boy was asked whether he attended houses of prostitution, "beatnik" houses or interracial parties, what he knew of the Atlanta student movement, whether he knew of the Athens "red-light district."

Holmes was valedictorian and Miss Hunter third-ranking in their graduating class at Turner High School in Atlanta. He has attended a year at Morehouse College in Atlanta, and she a year at Wayne State University in Detroit. Both come from middle-class families: her father is an Army chaplain, her mother a secretary; his father is a tombstone manufacturer and his mother a teacher.

Of the two, Miss Hunter is by far the more outward-going. She has the good looks and great poise which surely made her popular at Turner and Wayne State, and which, she must reflect with some irony, may help her eke out acceptance at the University of Georgia. At times, during the first couple of weeks of her ordeal, her smiles disappeared and she looked exhausted as she was escort-

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ed about the campus by detectives. Holmes hides his emotions better than Miss Hunter and takes a little longer to know, but after you penetrate this reserve, you begin to realize that here is a young man of considerable substance.

At the moment, in interviews, both say everything is going well and that they are happy. Throughout the whole affair, both have shown a remarkable ability to ignore unpleasant remarks and demonstrations. But they are not blind. And they are bound to realize, in time if not now, that the role of the pioneer is a lonely one. To trade positions of popularity for what is obviously going to be a difficult three years requires stamina and self-control asked of few adults.

GEORGIA is the first state to have scrapped its massive-resistance laws relating to public schools before they were struck down by the courts. For Gov. Vandiver to make such a decision required a courage and decisiveness which should not be gainsaid even in the face of his timidity to call the new bills by their proper name. (In outlining his program to the General Assembly, the Governor performed such a remarkable feat of semantic gymnastics that the listener might have thought Vandiver was promising continued total segregation.)

But the Governor's task was made easier by several factors: the example of other states, the great feeling of the people of Georgia for its university (the late Eugene Talmadge was defeated for the Governorship one year by Ellis Arnall because he tampered with that sacrosanct institution), and finally, a climate of opinion carefully built up for at least two years by newspapers, civic and professional groups and responsible citizens.

The Atlanta Constitution and *The Atlanta Journal* both have reminded readers upon every occasion that the ultimate choice for Georgia lay between open, desegregated public schools and no public schools at all. Some two years ago, a group of interested citizens, centered in Atlanta but eventually spreading throughout the state, organized under the name of HOPE (Help Our Public Education) to drive home the same line. A group of Atlanta ministers drew the attention of the state (and considerable criticism) with a "manifesto" for public education.

Possibly the greatest break in the political climate came when James S. Peters, patriarch of the Georgia Democratic Party, an adviser to Eugene Talmadge and now chairman of the State Board of Education, wrote a letter to intransigent segregationist Roy V. Harris in Augusta with the warning that some integration was inevitable and that if schools were closed, the Talmadge political organization would be smashed.

Shortly thereafter, the legislature authorized a committee of professional leaders and its own members to feel out sentiment throughout Georgia on the question.

Though opinion varied from one part of the state to another, the committee eventually recommended local option and tuition-grant laws similar to those recently signed by the Governor. During the course of the committee hearings and with increasing frequency as the school-closing crisis approached, one influential group after another has endorsed an open-schools plan. Some of the most powerful businessmen in the state were drawing up a petition to that effect when the Governor sounded the knell for massive resistance.

The contrast between Louisiana and Georgia in this respect might well be taken to heart by moderates in the remaining hold-out states. New Orleans citizens, promised segregation by its officials at all levels and given little warning by their press, were almost totally unprepared for desegregation when it came. Georgia, though its troubles are by no means over, faces its problems armed with a strong dose of reality.

THE JORDAN'S TROUBLED WATERS.. *William S. Ellis*

Beirut

THE RIVER Jordan, its 200-mile route traced in 5,000 years of rich Biblical history, is the most explosive of all the many Israeli-Arab points of dispute. Israel has launched a project (work on it will be accelerated, according to an announcement from Jerusalem last week) to divert the waters and make its southern wasteland inhabitable. The Arab League, incensed at the possibility of an irrigated Negev which could provide living space for as many as two million additional Jewish immigrants, has gone on record as vowing to stop the diversion, by shooting if necessary.

"We will fight if Israel diverts the course of the river," Salah Salem, President Nasser's former Minister of Information, said. "I don't rule out the possibility that this question might be a prelude to the liquidation of existing affairs between the Arab people and Israel once and for all."

Israel's reply comes from Mrs. Golda Meir, the Foreign Minister: "None has a right to interfere. Our plans cannot depend on the mercies of the ruler of Egypt."

Nasser's tough Vice President and commander of the U.A.R.'s Armed Forces, Field Marshal Abdul Hakim Amer, broadened Mrs. Meir's reference to the source of "mercies" in the matter. "The diversion of this river," he said, "concerns the entire Arab world." And he added: "As far as the U.A.R. is concerned, this plan will never be allowed to go through."

The River Jordan rises in the foot-

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hills of Lebanon and Syria and ends its flow in earth's brilliantly blue and salty basement, the Dead Sea. Along the way it stitches together Israeli and Arab territory, thus coating all the threats and counter-threats with some degree of justification. Both sides can, of course, benefit from the waters. But that would involve compromise, and compromise is unlikely as long as more than eighty million Arabs continue to refer to Israel as "the occupied section of Palestine."

Five years ago the United States offered a plan whereby both sides could draw on the Jordan. The plan, as outlined by its author, Eric Johnston, ex-President Eisenhower's special envoy, would provide Jordan, Lebanon and Syria with sufficient water to irrigate their lands. And one drinking straw would be extended to Israel.

Johnston revealed that the United States was prepared to make financial contributions to the project, which meant that Washington did not intend to let money stand in the way of erasing this ready-made excuse for another Israeli-Arab shooting war. Moreover, Johnston assured Arab leaders that his plan would not entail a final settlement of the Palestine problem, but would "lead to promotion of the welfare of more than one Middle East country."

OF THE Arab states, only Syria was against the plan from the start. The driving force behind its opposition was less a reluctance to share the waters with Israel than a desire to avoid camaraderie with the West. One hundred and fifty years of past exploitations in the Middle East by the Great Powers have left their scars, and to agree to the plan would have involved a violation, so Syria thought, of the concept on which modern Arab nationalism was being built.

Examples of what usually happens when an Arab leader deviates from the course of nationalism are all too many and all too tragic. The late youthful King Feisal of Iraq and his cunning Prime Minister, Nuri as-Said, died at the hands of rebelling Iraqis simply because they detoured too far to the West. More recently, Hazzaa Majali, the Jordanian Prime Minister, was killed by a bomb explosion, and King Hussein's moving eulogy could not wash away the remembrance of Majali, with tears in his eyes, pleading in vain with the Jordanian Cabinet to join the Western-inspired Bagdad Pact in 1955.

Arab officials who take precautions to avoid Majali-like departures from office suffer from what *Al Hayat*, the influential Beirut daily newspaper, calls "fear of the street." This fear dominated any other consideration when the Arab states were confronted with Syria's adverse reaction to the Johnston plan. Before long, the rejection had been endorsed by all the Arab states.

ISRAEL, in effect, is now proceeding to take what waters she would have received had the Johnston plan been approved. It would appear, however, that the concern of the Arab states over the diversion is somewhat premature, since bringing the Jordan's waters only as far south as Beersheba [map opposite] will take about twelve years. The water life line is to be constructed with pipes of 108-inch diameter in some parts, open canals in others, pressure conduits, pumping and booster stations, a power plant, reservoirs and operating ponds. Israel's determination to complete the work has existed, in one form or another, almost as long as the country itself. Indeed, the intensity with which Israel fought to gain possession of the Negev wasteland reveals that the diversion project was inherent in the conception of the Jewish state.

Most of the work will be carried out within the boundaries of Israel. The first stage is scheduled to be finished before 1965 and will draw on Lake Tiberias (the Sea of Galilee) only, a body of water which is indisputably in Israeli territory.

In December, 1959, Mrs. Meir announced that "none [of the Arab states] have a right to interfere, since the project is being carried out entirely within Israel's frontiers." But the fact is that Israel will have to cross a demilitarized zone on the Syrian border to tap the Jordan, a move which has been judged contrary to the armistice agreement.

In 1953, the Israelis attempted to cross the neutral area to begin work on a hydro-electric project, resulting in a clash, militarily as well as politically, with Syria. Work was suspended a year later at the request of the U.N. Security Council. Under the new project, crossing the zone and drawing on the Jordan at a point just south of Lake Hula is scheduled for the final stage, in the early 1970s.

Would routing the pipe line across the patch of no-man's land be considered a violation of the Arab-Israeli truce agreement? Major General E. L. M. Burns, recently retired commander-in-chief of the U.N. Emergency Force (UNEF) in the Middle East, believes it will: "The truce observers made a finding about it and said that it would constitute a change in the demilitarized zone and therefore Israel should not do it."

ARMED with that statement, the Arab states intend to press for U.N. action against the diversion project. If they fail there, they have another plan short of war: their own diversion of the waters feeding the Jordan. This threat has troubled Israel more than the one of armed resistance, for the Arabs are in a position to play with the headwaters of the Jordan to the extent that Lake Tiberias could become a puddle. It would involve a massive and unrewarding engineering effort; and the simultaneous draining of the river and its tributaries by three or four states in competition with each other would be absurd and wasteful. Nevertheless, it is not impossible. Jordan, the United Arab Republic and Lebanon are that determined to keep the Negev a wasteland.

In Lebanon there is the Hasbani River; in Syria, the Dan and Banias Rivers, each of which flows into northern Israel where they merge to form the upper River Jordan. A few miles south of the Sea of Galilee, another tributary, the Yarmuk River, joins the disputed waters. The Yarmuk forms the boundary between Nasser's Syria and Hussein's Jordan until just before it meets the Jordan's waters.

The Lebanese government, in particular, is talking about diverting the Hasbani, while the U.A.R. is considering the erection of a dam in

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Syria to prevent the waters from reaching Israel. Israeli officials have scoffed at the proposal to build the dam, pointing out that the tributaries rising in Syria account for only 20 per cent of the Jordan's waters.

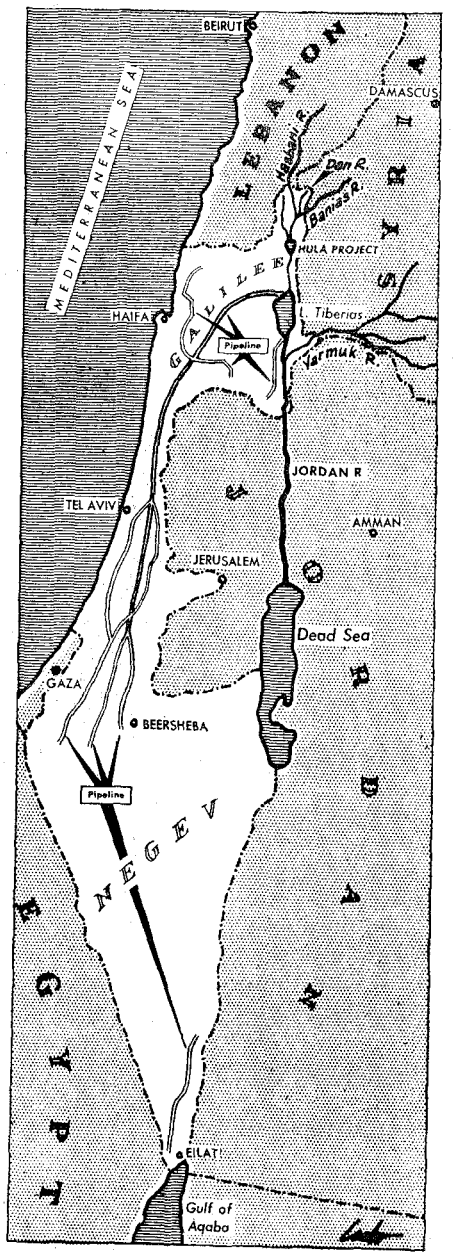
Yet, Israel has told Western diplomats she will go to war if these tributaries are diverted. One needs only to study a map of the Eastern Mediterranean to realize that it is possible to bend water until not only the Sea of Galilee but the entire Jordan Valley becomes dry. In its determination to keep the waters from Israel, the Arab League could, conceivably, cripple the fertile West Bank of Hussein's Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

THE EXPENSE involved in completing the Israeli project may prove to be as strong an ally for the Arabs as the diversion of the tributaries. The total bill is expected to be in the region of $250 million, and so far there has been no international help to meet this expense. The United States continues to be approached on the matter, but Washington is fumbling in its pockets with the finesse of a bankrupt baron. Where, then, does Israel turn? Until that question can be answered, the critical day when the scheme touches the Jordan will be delayed. Meanwhile, the Israeli government hopes to raise some money for regional diversion work. It is equally its hope that the Arab states, suddenly confronted with busy bulldozers across the borders, can be made to see reason and agree, before the final stage and the drawing on the Jordan, to some system of sharing.

Considering how very close Eric Johnston came to success, it may be that recommendations of another impartial observer would be accepted by the Arabs. Eugene Black, president of the World Bank, has offered to serve in such a capacity; but his offer will not be accepted this year, or the next or the one after that. Again, the reason lies in the course being taken by Arab nationalism, a course complicated by many inter-Arab quarrels, but fast and straight on the stretch known in Cairo as "the coming liberation of Palestine."

King Hussein is the Arab leader most likely to agree to a compromise (Jordan at first initialed the Johnston plan), but such a move would certainly set off new sparks around his already scorched throne. Many of the persons living in Jordan are Palestinian refugees, embittered men and women who are willing to give the Israelis water only by driving them into the Mediterranean. Nasser must also be careful of where and how he steps. Moreover, he feels the growing resentment of his power pushing in from all sides — President Habib Bourguiba in Tunisia, Hussein in Jordan, General Kassem in Iraq, and perhaps the biggest push of all from that Wahabi who recognizes the advantages of an air-conditioned Cadillac over a camel, King Ibn Saud.

Jordan's Troubled Waters



Double lines indicate general course of Israel's plans for diverting the waters of the Jordan River.

That leaves Lebanon among the riparian countries involved; and Lebanon, busy being neutral in all directions, is not likely to jeopardize her role as Middle East peacemaker by agreeing to foreign mediation.

Therefore, an agreement confined to Israel and the Arabs is not possible at this time, or, in all probability, ever. What might be possible, however, is an international guarantee that all countries sharing one river draw on the waters only up to certain defined limits. In that way, one diversion would not necessarily have to encourage others. The Arabs would no longer have to worry about admitting that Israel exists since the agreement would be cloaked in a broad, international concept. Israel wouldn't be allowed to satisfy fully the thirst of the Negev, but, on the other hand, neither would the Arabs be allowed to cause the Sea of Galilee to vanish.

IT MIGHT work. The only alternative appears to be complete anarchy and bloodshed.

A three-man delegation appointed by the Arab League to make a study of Israel's progress on the diversion scheme is now preparing its report. What it will say is already known: The work goes on and the big pipes are getting closer to the demilitarized zone.

What then? The League will perhaps be summoned in emergency session. Tables will be pounded, voices will be raised and communiqués full of sloganized xenophobia released to the press. This procedure is seldom altered during a meeting of the League. This time, however, the delegates will have a new document to toy with — a declaration of war drawn up at a meeting last year at which the League vowed to block Israel's water-development plan by force if necessary. If they feel that the time has come to do what they have been threatening to do for so long, the document will be signed and the Middle East will once again be plunged into bloody conflict.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Neglected Founding Father

CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON OF NEW YORK, 1746-1813. By George Dangerfield. Harcourt Brace & Co. 532 pp. $10.

Alfred F. Young

WHY ISN'T Robert R. Livingston better known? The head of one of the leading landed families of the Hudson Valley aristocracy in the era of the nation's founding, he was a prominent Whig patriot, Federalist and then Jeffersonian Republican. In 1781-82 he served, in effect, as the first American Secretary of State. He helped to draft New York's first state constitution and later to secure ratification of the federal constitution. His desertion of the Federalists in the 1790s was a *cause célèbre*, and on Jefferson's triumph in 1801 he was appointed Minister to France, in which post he conducted the negotiations that led to the Louisiana Purchase. In the last decade of his life he gained fame as a scientific agriculturalist and as the promoter of the first successful steamboat on the Hudson, Robert Fulton's *Clermont*, named after his family's estate. For more than a quarter of a century he presided over the state's Chancery Court — hence the title, Chancellor, which he proudly bore.

One is tempted to say that he is not better known because his contributions to many of these great events was often less than decisive. In the Revolution, he was one of New York's reluctant rebels who held out to the end against the final step of Independence; appointed to Jefferson's committee to draw up the Declaration, he took no part at all in its drafting. As secretary to the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs, he "performed his duties creditably," but as Dangerfield says, the office was "caught between the interference of Congress and the inattention of its diplomats," and credit for the effective peace treaty belongs to others. Where Livingston was important, for example in the Louisiana Purchase — and Dangerfield makes a convincing, new case that "he played a most creative part" in the negotiations — domestic broils, among other things, deprived him of the laurels he deserved.

It is obvious, too, that he epitomized a type that has not been to the democratic taste — a republican aristocrat, a vain, wealthy owner of a large tenanted estate. He was on the winning side — the Revolution, the Constitution, Jefferson — but his social order lost. He is not readily understood. In fact, there has never before been a biography of him, perhaps because he became a victim of the very family tradition he cultivated. It was only in the last decade that his descendants turned over the family papers to The New-York Historical Society. One of the largest untapped veins of early American history, they are the basis of Dangerfield's study.

WHATEVER the reasons for the neglect, Livingston has now been made memorable. George Dangerfield is the author of *The Era of Good Feelings*, a study of the period of James Monroe and John Quincy Adams, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1953, and of a number of works in the history of England, the country of his birth. The Chancellor could hardly have been more blessed by a biographer: a historian who knows the English species of landed gentry of which Livingston is an American variety, whose own experience at Oxford permits him to savor his subject's classical heritage, whose *forte* is diplomatic history and who obviously knows how to make biography a branch of literature.

Not the least of the book's virtues is that it is permeated by its thesis ("To let the facts speak for themselves, as we all know, often results in an unseemly clamor"). It is "primarily a study in aristocracy" whose "central theme is the interplay between a man brought up in the atmosphere of a privileged colonial aristocracy on the one hand, and the emergence of popular government on the other." The thesis is that Livingston was "a man looking in two directions — forward as a scientific farmer and backwards as landlord, forward as a republican, backwards as an aristocrat." What may have made him different from many others in his class was that "he accepted change as a leading principle of political, no less than physical life." Unifying the seemingly disparate phases of his public life, according to Dangerfield, was an "innate conservatism" and a commitment to an "agrarian" way of life.

Within the framework of this analysis, Dangerfield illumines what has always been regarded as puzzling — the Chancellor's "conversion" from Federalist to Jeffersonian. This has usually been ascribed to resentment at President Washington's failure to appoint him to high office. Pique there was, but principle too. As an "agrarian" Federalist, Livingston did not stomach such features of Alexander Hamilton's financial program as the chartering of the Bank of the United States and the assumption of state debts.

The interplay of the Chancellor's personality and political behavior is fascinating. He went into the political arena both to defend his interests against the tides of tenant rebelliousness and middle-class democracy, and to seek for himself "the culture of laurels" — recognition and fame. Educated, elegant and egotistical, he was not "by temperament or training or background, equipped to play Mentor to rural lawmakers." The result was that he had "fits of revulsion" against politics at amazing times and "assumed a faintly Byronic detachment." In the 1790s he became increasingly "anti-political," withdrawing altogether in the last decade of his life to fulfill his "self-image" of a rural magnate and scientific improver, "useful, benevolent, prosperous, dispensing hospitality and advice."

THE BOOK is especially welcome as a contribution to the controversy now invigorating the study of early American history about the nature of class alignments in the revolutionary era. Was there a struggle in the Revolution not only for "home rule" but for "who shall rule at home"? Dangerfield's Livingston emerges as the epitome of historian Carl Becker's conservative Whig, suffused with a sense of class, battling to cage up the forces unleashed by the revolutionary upsurge. Was there an economic conflict over the federal Constitution? Dangerfield's Livingston is not Charles Beard's typical Federalist motivated by narrow pocketbook interests, yet he is impelled by a class fear of the threat to landed property from the taxing power of the state government in unfriendly hands.

This is convincing and a healthy tonic to the revisionist scholarship now so

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fashionable. The problem remains, however, of getting into proper focus the character and program of the democratic movement of the era, one-half of Dangerfield's theme. Dangerfield's difficulty is not his alone; family manuscripts can take one just so far; after that, unfortunately, there are still too many questions about New York's complex politics which scholars have only begun to answer.

It may be that the jump from Federalist to Republican did not really require a "conversion," especially in the context of state politics. To identify Governor George Clinton, leader of New York's anti-Federalist host, as a "radical" and speak of the movement's philosophy as "agrarian democracy" is to miss the implications of what might be called the "aspiring middle-class" character of the leadership. Clinton was more or less indifferent to the plight of tenant farmers, the Livingstons were not the only aristocratic family in his camp (the Van Cortlandts were another) and an alliance with the Chancellor was not contradictory from his point of view. The democratic attitude to chartering banks, for example, reflected a concern for equality of opportunity for entrepreneurs, not a doctrinaire agrarianism—a point which may make the Chancellor's support for the famous Republican Bank of Manhattan less puzzling. On the other hand there was a "left wing" of the democratic movement built around tenants and poor farmers and several urban classes whose relationship to the Livingstons would be worth following after the Revolution and into the nineteenth century.

It may also be that Livingston's outlook on foreign policy can provide a theme to unify his three decades of public life as satisfying as "agrarianism" or "innate conservatism." Dangerfield's sure grip falters in placing the Chancellor's "withdrawal" so early in the 1790s. From my reading of the newspapers and family papers I would say that from 1793 to 1796 the Livingstons could hardly have been more "engaged" in the fight over Citizen Genêt, policy to Great Britain and the Jay Treaty. Indeed their vigorous, sustained leadership helped turn the tide for the Republicans in New York. I would not insist on what might seem to be a minor revision of timing, if it did not suggest that the Chancellor's republicanism emerged most fully as a reaction to the Federalists' pro-British foreign policy rather than to Hamiltonian finance. Secondly, Livingston's amazing enthusiasm for France in the 1790s seems to be of a piece with his "gallican" role as Secretary of State in the decade before and his performance as Minister to France a few years later; hence the consistency of his outlook in the sole field where he exercised national leadership.

If my suggestions are valid, it may be that Livingston made more of a contribution to the Republican cause than Dangerfield would have it, was perhaps less of an agrarian and was somewhat less contradictory. Others may interpret this intriguing man still differently, for Dangerfield has produced a study exciting in its insights and rich in its implications. It is a beautifully proportioned, vivid and subtle portrait, which commands the attention of scholars and will be turned to for the sheer delight of reading.

Studies in Reluctance

THE COLLECTED SHORT STORIES OF CONRAD AIKEN. Preface by Mark Schorer. World Publishing Co. 566 pp. $6.

David Ray

CONRAD AIKEN has, as much as any other writer, elaborated what one would probably today call the existential theme of "agonized sentience" — man's awareness that he is absurdly dependent on a world of matter for which he has only contempt. In his story "Gehenna," Aiken describes human lives as "precariously hung in the void," each with its own chaos waiting, "a chaos of my own . . . intimately and recognizably my own." Each life is a "majestic fiction" slimly insulated from the "primordial chaos" that surrounds it and waits to overcome it, to absorb it in the great flux of mere matter. Aiken is fascinated by the abrupt changes, the disruptions and shattering realignments that can be effected merely by an act of perception; even skins are suddenly "detachable"; circles under the eyes can become an unforeseen horror. While most men make their "step-by-step approach to destruction," unaware that they stand on the "brink of chaos," those with the curse of "agonized sentience" must face life's most brutal sufferings.

Since awareness itself embodies the greatest peril in life as Aiken characterizes it, his greatest stories read almost like object lessons; "Mr. Arcularis" and "Silent Snow, Secret Snow" treat death and hysteria as the rewards of awareness. "Try to be one of those on whom nothing is lost," Henry James advised, and Aiken seems to have devoted a great labor to his considered reply: "Yes, and end up in the psycho ward!"

NOWHERE is the opposition between mere observers and those who are committed to life with its tawdriness and its dangers more clearly defined than in "A Pair of Vikings," a story in which two boys observe a dangerous husband-and-wife carnival act, The Drome of Death — a motorcycle spin around a great barrel. As the couple go on to danger, to a power struggle for top billing, to the girl's death, the two boys stand behind the protective barrier, watching "beauty in danger."

Just as these boys draw back, merely observing the violent life of the performers, men in Aiken's other stories draw back from challenges of every sort, though perhaps most frequently from one of an erotic nature. For there is another boundary in Aiken's stories — that separating behavior by rules, society or civilization, from a world of intense eroticism, the demimonde, a vast jungle of libidinal "savagery" — experience hinted by a touched hand under a table or "tremulous little midnight knocks." His characters are frequently revealed by their responses to "that sleeping alertness of the body that must automatically and swiftly appraise every newcomer, appraise the beauty and the grace and the promise of passion and delight, appraise the nimbleness of the imagination that would be brought to love, the delicacy or fierceness of sensuousness or sensuality, the potentialities." Here too his characters realize that full awareness is disastrous, that "Gehenna" is hinted by every smile. Knowing that a "savage" response leads to hysteria and disorder, they fight to keep their

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Poetry Editor

M. L. Rosenthal has received a Guggenheim grant and is spending this year in England. During his absence, the post of Poetry Editor will be held in turn by several poets and critics. The first of these is W. S. Merwin, whose poetry and criticism appears frequently in *The Nation*, and whose latest collection of verse, *The Drunk in the Furnace*, was published by Macmillan last fall.

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lives as ordered as Edwardian gardens; but one of Aiken's basic ironies seems to lie in his view of this retreat as an evasion of responsibility. In *Ushant*, that autobiographical skeleton key which provided us with a guide to the recurrent themes in Aiken's imaginative "pilgrimage" (to adopt Delmore Schwartz's appropriate description of Aiken's work), Aiken wrote frequently of "failures of nerve" and "failures of love."

HERE is the dilemma that Aiken sees — the tension of body and soul, of stability and disorder, presented by the grave risks of total awareness. His characters, reluctant to make plunges, whether into love affairs, self-testing work, or simply into a realm of honesty and realism in their lives, sometimes bumble ("The Necktie"), and frequently flee, citing "good sense," "respect for the conventions," or "religious scruples." Or they realize too late, like the boarding-house roomer of "No, No, Go Not to Lethe," who feels that he can remain a detached observer of the rather amusing involvements of others, that one must be caught up in the delicate dilemma, the web of reluctance and awareness. It is relevant to mention that women do not seem to have this kind of trouble in Aiken's fiction — they are part of the seductive lure of life, more a part of nature, while men remain attached to society and its conventions of reluctance.

Aiken's characters who escape the "wisdom" of Henry James's advice are spared the horrors of death, hysteria and cluttered lives, then, but they withdraw with even their creator's contempt. While those who do take risks with their emotions are either sadly disappointed (the shattering of fantasy in such stories as "The Moment" and "The Professor's Escape") or prove the dangers of engagement by retreat into hysteria ("Silent Snow, Secret Snow") or into death itself ("Mr. Arcularis"). But who can doubt that these latter are the heroes?

The State of the United Nations

THE UNITED NATIONS AND U.S. FOREIGN POLICY. By Lincoln P. Bloomfield. Little, Brown. 267 pp. $4.75.

U.N.: THE FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS. By Clark M. Eichelberger. Harper & Bros. 147 pp. $2.75.

SHAPING OUR TIMES: What the United Nations Is and Does. By Harold Courlander. Oceana Publications. 237 pp. $3.50 cloth. $1.75 paper.

Jane Stolle

ADLAI STEVENSON mouthed no platitudes in accepting the nomination as United States Ambassador to the United Nations. Instead of reiterating the old saws about the organization ("parliament of man," "bastion of peace," etc.), Stevenson said simply that our policy in the U.N. must be governed by the fact that the United States and her traditional allies no longer enjoy a clear majority in the organization. Things have changed since 1945, when the U.N. was founded, and America must, and—tacitly—will, adjust to those changes as reflected in the world organization.

High time. For too long our U.N. position has been one of trying to slow with antiquated policies the surge of new nationalisms and "rising expectations" for a more equitable life throughout the world. Moreover, the United States has, when it seemed convenient, alternately used and abused the United Nations; and has not accepted it as an established, serious organization that deserves better from one of its largest members than a capricious, issue-to-issue policy of "beating the Russians." That policy has not only weakened the organization, but as Lincoln Bloomfield implies throughout *The United Nations and U.S. Foreign Policy*, has boomeranged against the United States itself.

This concise and provocative handbook is based on experience and knowledge gathered during eleven years that the author served as an official in the policy-planning-for-the-U.N. division of the State Department—a position of "modest responsibility," Bloomfield says. It became increasingly clear to him at that time that

> until the United States acquired a better over-all strategic doctrine in the political realm, until its broad and sometimes vague goals were made more explicit and backed by a more purposeful program of action, this country could not have the assurance that it was employing such instruments of diplomatic and political action as the United Nations with maximum effectiveness to achieve desirable ends. In the absence of a more meaningful over-all program of national strategy, the United Nations—both as a symbol and as a place of business—has appeared to many Americans a baffling mixture of ward politics and high morality—a stepchild of foreign policy one day and prodigal son the next.

From the State Department, Mr. Bloomfield went to the Center for International Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he decided that "there was only one logical way in which to examine afresh the strategic uses of the United Nations for American policy over the next decade," and that was to "spell out systematically the foreign policy objectives of the United States, across the board, and to relate them to the capabilities and limitations of the United

JANE STOLLE is The Nation's *U.N. correspondent.*

Love Fast

I am hungry for the bakeries, not
Their bread. I am hungry for the road
That ran through every country and the
Tree turning color from the south up to the
North. I am hungry for the salt, famished
For the shields of color, flags of odor.
But I will not eat.

Flesh, you are going. Having given up the taste
For meat, I have given up the taste for fruit.
I have given up the taste for cheese. Salads
And weeds do not please me. My thirst is gone.

I am hungry for love, but I will not find him.
I will look in my drawer for a secret. I will
Hang up my clothes. I will keep from the ice-box
And the window.

I will become an old woman in three days.

SANDRA HOCHMAN

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Nations as best those could be estimated from available evidence." This book is the result, and there is no wide-eyed nonsense about it. On the face of it, Bloomfield is a hard-hitting conservative. His definitions of our objectives in the areas of military and political security, stability and welfare and world order would not frighten the Pentagon, nor the State Department. Nor would the NAM cavil at his definition of our interests: "...the chief purpose for which our foreign policy operates is to develop an international environment in which we can enjoy our prosperity and cultivate our internal societal values without excessive disturbance or threat from the outside." He is securely wrapped in the American flag. Then comes the refreshing switch: These objectives and interests, Bloomfield says, do not necessarily conflict with the objectives and interests of the majority of the other U. N. members—most of whom are from the underdeveloped regions of the world. U. N. financing of economic development, early independence for any colonial territory under Western control, international commodity stabilization, the seating of Communist China, self-determination as the right to national control of resources, and *détente* in the cold war—all these are the paramount issues before the U. N. for three-quarters of its members, and will be the issues by which U. S. policy is judged. Mr. Bloomfield makes a sober and convincing case for our support of each issue, and all in the name of cold-blooded, calculated self-interest. They may not seem compelling arguments to some of our traditional allies who have a different idea of where their interests lie, but they might be our—and the U. N.'s—salvation.

AS LONG as we are paralyzed by our military alliances with Portugal, Belgium, Spain, Great Britain and France into blind support of their nineteenth-century policies in the economic and colonial areas, we shall find ourselves alienating potential friends and throwing them gratuitously into the arms of the enemy. We do not have common interests with the other NATO countries when those interests involve the delay of economic and social development in the hungry parts of the world. Our interests lie in the peaceful, steady development of such areas, and as Bloomfield says, "history teaches that ultimate stability is achieved not by attempting to suppress changes in the established order, but by understanding the underlying forces and imprinting upon the process itself the outlines of the desirable outcome." The process of change is inexorable, whether the old world likes it or not.

The titles and subtitles of two other books on the U. N. are self-explanatory: Clark Eichelberger's *U. N.—The First Fifteen Years: How the U. N. functions, How it has developed, How it has dealt with International Problems and Disputes;* and Harold Courlander's *Shaping Our Times: What the United Nations Is and Does.* Eichelberger, who is executive director of the American Association for the United Nations, was one of the founding fathers of the United Nations; he appraises the organization with a historical eye. He joins Bloomfield, however, in urging that the big powers—particularly the United States—cease their "play at the United Nations, using it one day and ignoring it the next. It must be the very foundation of policy, not a diplomatic tool." Less provocative than Bloomfield's book, it handily complements it.

Harold Courlander has served as a U. N. Information Officer and as Press Officer for the United States Mission, and judging by his book he was competent. *Shaping Our Times* is clearly based on the U. N. "bible," *Everyman's United Nations,* a 600-page encyclopedia, published bi-annually by the U. N. Office of Public Information. There is less "heart" in it than in Mr. Eichelberger's, less "tooth" than in Mr. Bloomfield's, but if it's just plain facts about the U. N. you want to know, Mr. Courlander is your man.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE IMPORTANCE of *The American Dream* (York Playhouse) is that it's Edward Albee's. Edward Albee is the young playwright who wrote *The Zoo Story* — one of the finest of American short plays. A young playwright of genuine talent — that is, one who is not merely clever — is rare nowadays. (I hope I am wrong about this scarcity.) So everything that Albee writes should be given special attention. This should not be adulatory: it is dangerous to make "stars" of playwrights while they are in the process of growth; nor should our attention consist of slaughtering the playwright's second or third play in behalf of the hallowed first one.

The American Dream is a one-act abstract vaudeville sketch. It purports to typify the well-to-do American mid-

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dle-class home in this age of automation and mechanized men and women. The excellent little set is hung with frames without pictures; the room itself has expensive furniture hideously gilded, blank prefabricated walls and above them all the Stars and Stripes — in short no intimacy, no personality, no vibrations. Daddy, who earns the money, has had part of his gut removed and of sex there is no question. The family is childless. Grandma who has a remnant of spunk left in her dry bones is at once a protected and abandoned bit of household crockery — a sort of skeleton in the closet. She says all the right things at the wrong time and the wrong things at the right time. No one listens to anyone else or cares about what is said when they do listen. There is total spiritual, intellectual stasis. The child — called a "bumble" rather than a baby — once adopted by this juiceless family was smashed and dismembered by them.

Into this vacuum enters the "American dream" in the person of a tall, good-looking boy, a perfect juvenile specimen. He has no feelings, no active desires, no real ambition. Passively waiting, he is a prettily furbished shell. He is adopted by Mommy and Daddy — to undergo the same treatment as the earlier "bumble."

The play is funny and horrid, a poker-faced grotesque. It reminds one of Ionesco's one-act plays, *The Bald Soprano and Jack*, although the Frenchman's plays are freer in their extravagance and more devastating. There is no harm in a young writer's being influenced — it is inevitable; besides, one chooses one's influence in the direction of one's sympathies. But there is a certain literalness in *The American Dream* — even at moments a flatness of writing — which makes me suspect that the French influence on Albee (Genet, Beckett, Ionesco and others) is not altogether helpful.

I mean by this that Albee's talent — as with most Americans — lies closer to realism than perhaps he knows. *The Zoo Story* had its "symbolic" side too and was also terrifyingly humorous — as well as obliquely tender — but what abstraction there was in it arose from true observation of specific people in specific environments.

Abstraction becomes decoration when it loses touch with its roots in concrete individual experience; and the word "decoration" is just as appropriate where the abstraction is satirically fierce as where it is beguiling. So while I appreciate the comment and the bitter barbs which *The American Dream* contains, I would caution the author to stick closer to the facts of life so that his plays may remain humanly and socially relevant. For it is as easy to make a stereotype from a critical and rebellious abstraction as from a conformist one.

The cast of *The American Dream* is well chosen and ably directed by Alan Schneider.

BARTLEBY, a musical setting of Herman Melville's story by William Flanagan (libretto by James Hinton, Jr., and Edward Albee), accompanies *The American Dream*. The idea in *Bartleby* is superbly suggestive though unsuccessful in execution. The refusal to participate in the meaningless humdrum of life, makes the almost totally mute Bartleby (a wraithlike clerk isolated in the cage of a lawyer's office in old New York) a wisp of tragic nature. For Bartleby's "I prefer not to . . ." is a kind of a cryptic battle cry of a desperate negation bleakly murmured into the dank air of a civilization that has little to offer the commonplace man but futile chores. What Melville added to this — and the mark of his stature — is the terrible bafflement and guilt of the Boss (the world at large) unable wholly to understand or to do something for the perpetually present Bartleby.

Such a story is extremely difficult to dramatize or to set to music unless it is enveloped in as richly complex a texture as that which Alban Berg wrought for *Wozzeck*. But Flanagan's score — at least in the inadequate two-piano version in which it is given at the York — is as bare as the dialogue and thus fails to bring the piece as a whole to life. It is nevertheless an honorable failure. Credit should be given for an atmospheric setting (by William Ritman who also designed *The American Dream*) and for the singing performance of Bruce MacKay. [In the second week, *Bartleby* was withdrawn, and replaced by *Domino Furioso*, a satire presented by the Valerie Bettis Dance Theater.]

DION BOUCICAULT'S hit melodrama of 1859, *The Octoroon*, is to be seen in a limited engagement at the Phoenix. It is a "social" play — a tear-jerker about the plight of the Negro, even of the lightest shade — in ante-bellum Louisiana. It is sentimental, conventional, absurd and still rather effective.

To enjoy it one should see it not as a "sophisticate" but as a kid. (Our theatre "sophisticates" are provincial.) It is historically interesting in all sorts of ways. It made me think, for instance, of how tardy — being a "mass" art — the theatre in our country has been in relation to the themes undertaken and their presentation. For by 1859 *Moby Dick*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Leaves of Grass* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had all been published. It is also worth noting that in *The Octoroon*, as in Harriet Stowe's novel, there is only one wicked Southerner, while in many of our most recent plays about the same territory all the native characters are wicked. How progressive of us!

There is some smart theatre trickery in *The Octoroon* and at least one very nice line: "If we can't act like Christians, at least let us try to act like gentlemen."

The Phoenix production is sound; I was glad to see the show.

WINTER ISSUE

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE, which in past seasons has presented concerts and discussions of contemporary music at the Circle in the Square Theatre, has moved uptown and into the relatively swank surroundings of the Museum of Modern Art Auditorium. Charles Schwartz, who originated the concerts and is their director and moderator, has from the beginning tried to add some degree of elegance to the forum-concert genre. In the first program of this year's series, he struck a tone decidedly chic.

Aaron Copland was the featured composer. The works presented were a group of his songs, exquisitely sung by the young soprano Dorothy Renzi, and a post-intermission performance of *The Second Hurricane*, a play-opera in two acts. This was given in a concert version by students from the High School of Music and Art, New York, with an attractive minimum of staging and lighting designed by Roger Englander and Lee Watson. Mr. Copland sat on stage and acted as narrator in the opera, providing a bridge between the choral sections to substitute for the original dialogue.

Copland is not usually thought of as a composer of songs, and as a matter of fact he has not written a great many. But those he has composed are highly attractive and display the same cleanliness of line and texture that characterizes his instrumental music. Among the most familiar are a set of twelve to poems by Emily Dickinson, written in 1950. Accompanied by the excellent young pianist, David Garvey, Dorothy Renzi sang four of these: *Nature, the gentlest mother; The world feels dusty; Dear March, come in!;* and *Sleep is supposed to be.* They are all lovely, and could not have been more beautifully sung. Indeed, I found the first one quite astonishing — music and performance alike — for its qualities of restraint and suffused warmth. Three earlier songs were also represented: *As It Fell Upon a Day* (1923), in which Miss Renzi was assisted by John Perras, flutist, and David Glazer, clarinetist; *Song* (1927) (e. e. cummings text); and *Vocalise* (1928).

The Second Hurricane was written in 1937 with the needs of student performance specifically in mind. In the forum part of the program, the composer stated that 1937 was a time when music publishers, knowing that performances of contemporary concert music were few and far between, were urging that American youth had better be given a chance to get contemporary sounds into their ears, so that audiences might eventually expand. Copland's work holds a keen balance between elements designed to appeal to high school-age performers (the plot, for instance, and the infectious rhythms) and elements of highly sophisticated and polished craft. The harmonic idiom of *The Second Hurricane* is bright and consonant. I would imagine it to be easily fathomable by most untutored ears. The composer's aim was not, obviously, to challenge the powers or taste of high school choruses with complex or dissonant harmony, but rather to create an appealing, performable piece, acquainting them with the flavor, rhythms and textures of an up-to-date though conservative style. As with all his music, the workmanship is of the highest order. Despite the utilitarian purpose for which the work was designed, Copland did not write a potboiler. Nor did he pander to cultural ignorance as do many composers of "practical" music.

AS AN example of the kind of work which can be achieved in a specialized High School of Music and Art, the performance of *The Second Hurricane* was revelatory. The American conductor, Seymour Lipkin, directed a double chorus representing, in Edwin Denby's libretto, "high school students" and "parents." There were seven "grammar school" students (soloists) and two accompanying pianists to complete the ensemble. The performance he drew from the non-professional body of singers was extraordinary. It is true that the same group had given the opera on a New York Philharmonic children's concert, and the preparatory work of their regular school director, Sybil Mandel, was probably fresh in their minds. But there are parts of *The Second Hurricane* which, for choral music, are extremely difficult, especially in terms of rhythm. These the performers flipped off as if they were singing the national anthem. Their diction was perfect. Every word, regardless of tempo or choral texture, was crisp, well-formed and understandable.

To achieve this kind of verbal clarity with a choral group was once considered almost impossible. That idea has been weakening in recent years, but I have never heard more positive proof that sloppy choral (or solo) diction need not be accepted. When high school students can make the sung English language sound so clear and beautiful, there is no excuse for professionals to do less.

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ART

Fairfield Porter

THE PAINTINGS by Paul Georges at the Great Jones Gallery illustrate in a very interesting way a relationship between tradition and individual talent. The exhibition features life-size — or maybe a little larger — portrayals of a pregnant nude. There are also landscapes, and they too seem to symbolize pregnancy: one shows a much-pruned apple tree whose huge trunk is quite disproportionate to the thin young branches; another shows the wide, dark end of a barn in the blue-green sunlight; and a third, a black pool with bathers under ballooning foliage. The acidity of Georges' color comes as a shock: violent greens, thin yellows and an almost Prussian blue-black. The flesh color is "traditional," but the acid pinkish bark of the tree-bole is not. Also in the gallery, though it was not hung at the opening, is a portrait of a man sitting on a studio couch below the artist's eye level, with the room behind him. This painting has none of the acidity of the rest of the show: its color is an almost conventional array of grays, browns and reds, and the handling has the virtuosity one associates (without sufficient justification) with the style of Sargent.

The scope of these paintings is a matter of width of areas and a graphic, firm impatience and hurry over details of fingers and feet; but still more, whether the paintings are vertical or horizontal rectangles, it is a literal matter of an underlying emphasis on the second dimension of breadth. His figures sit erect and the trees grow up, but his world is a wide one, a horizontal one. The artist seems instinctively to feel space in the sweeping gesture of spreading his arms. The paintings are impressive in their skill of handling and solidity, combined with a jarring color that holds its place. And they probably could not have been painted before the advent of "American-type" abstraction. They illuminate the relation between tradition and revolt.

An artistic capital is a place where tradition has been assimilated. This cannot be deliberately brought about, and the reason for its occurrence is essentially mysterious. What "assimilation of tradition" means is an understanding on the part of artists of the essential nature of the form of the art of the past, or of another artistic capital, or the previous one. Artistic provinciality means that the artist does not understand the essential nature of the form of art in the capital, though he may be strongly attracted to it. Or he may consider himself a traditionalist, that is, attracted to the art of the past; and if his understanding of this art is superficial, he will be provincial to it. An academy is often a center of provinciality, even when located in a capital. The academic view assumes that art can be expressed in a series of rules, which in sum miss the essentials. A provincial artist's work depends on the art of a capital, removed in time or space. His work has formality without form. His work does not stand alone, but depends on art somewhere else. Or it may depend on ideas which, though they may make a consistent whole, are better embodied in their verbal exposition than in art. An independent art will elude any exposition of it.

SOMETIMES there exists a completely original artist, independent of tradition and independent of the capital. His denial of tradition and of the capital are equivalent to a denial of his profession, to a declaration of an amateur status. His work may consequently suffer from shallowness. Such an artist was Arthur Dove, whose revolt against tradition was based on the conventions of American magazine illustration. Another was Kandinsky, who based his revolt on the inadequate traditions of a provincial academy. In the paintings of both these artists, there are gaps between graphic and color formalities. Insuperable formal weaknesses usually occur in the work of revolutionary artists unattached to an artistic capital. This can be seen in the Guggenheim Museum. The formality of the Constructivists seldom transcends the detail, as if form should be guaranteed by choosing a formal subject, in this case, the shapes of geometry. Contrasting with these paintings is the Bonnard in the same museum. Any verbal exposition related to this painting would be less than the painting. And still it is the best abstraction there. Bonnard was attached to an artistic capital.

For all of its peculiarity, "American-type" painting contains within itself, just as Impressionism did, a sort of assimilation of tradition. This assimilation of tradition comes about through a reaction with the deepest, most inexpressible force of tradition, and it creates a new artistic capital. In such an artistic capital a significant conservative "return to tradition" can occur. Georges' paintings represent such a return. But tradition is available to him, here in New York, because it was first assimilated by the New York School, and the form in which it is available is characteristic of this abstract school.

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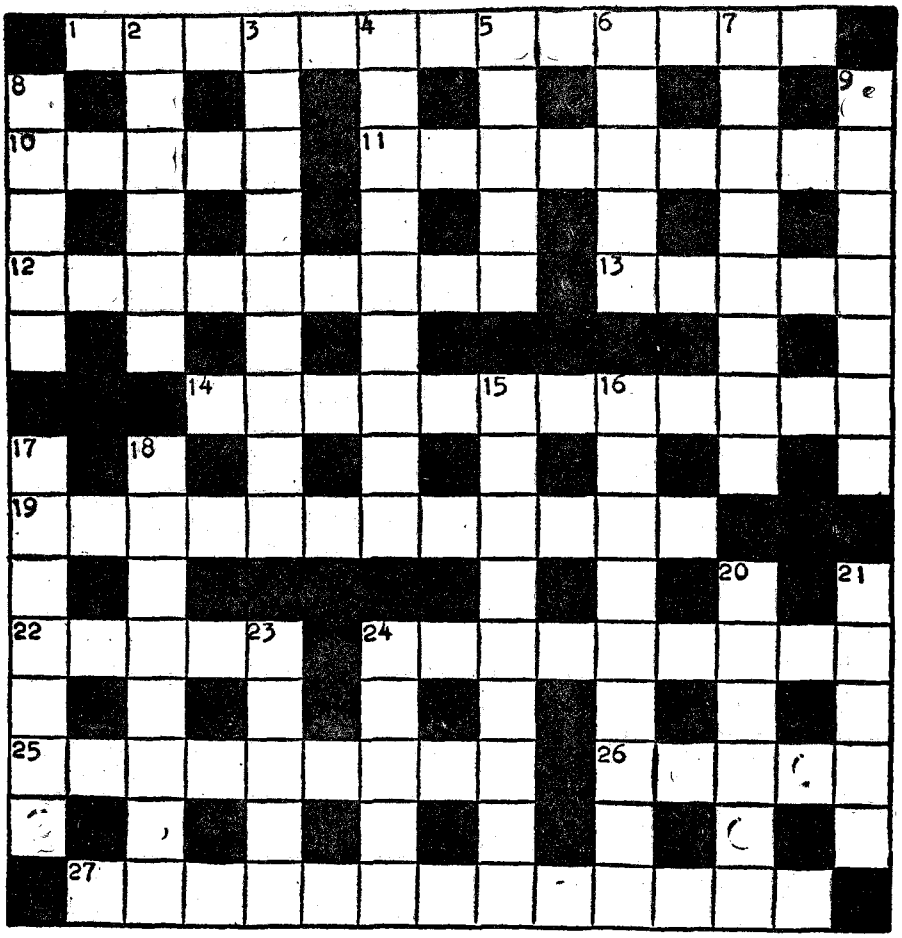
Crossword Puzzle No. 902

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A little home carries weight when it comes to swatting flies, perhaps. (It's a soft job, though!) (6, 7)
10 Securing something and getting even? (5)
11 Should this part of the percussion section be in the woods, rather? (9)
12 Not breakfast nooks, though associated with many dishes. (9)
13 Commonly sweet slice that is sometimes associated with pie. (5)
14 Evidently relief is not necessary for the subject of art! (7, 5)
19 One might cut them both, as one fights, possibly. (5, 3, 4)
22 A strange thing in the dark? (5)
24 Snakebites used by Kipling's gentiles? (9)
25 Reduce the time of your late breakfast, by the sound of it. (9)
26 Walls might be, as I contended! (5)
27 Terpsichorean display with not so much coverage? (7, 6)

DOWN:

2 Ineffective and futile. (6)
3 One might make it more tight, and it still could fly. (5, 4)
4 The Wedding Guest was relatively close. (4, 2, 3)
5 Where one of Bizet's women came from? (5)
6 The subject of a Giotto picture. (5)
7 One might find it done on time. (8)
8 What a candidate does when he hasn't a leg to stand on? (5)
9 Makes like a postman and does away with the act, perhaps? (7)
15 No praline, but almost as sweet. (9)
16 Preserves the real character shown in stamina. (9)
17 Equivalent to one-time fits? (When it comes to country air, many of us drop out after the first!) (7)
18 A journal drawn up about a barbarian place of interment. (8)
20 I'd go in here, but the color is wrong! (6)
21 A team which might be away? (5)
23 The sort applied to polls is not taken internally. (5)
24 Could this have been injured by Father William's peculiar standing? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 901

ACROSS: 1 Printer's Devils; 8 Liquor boards; 10 Transposal; 11 Scan; 13 Chains; 14 Monotone; 16 Let it lie; 17 Aplomb; 19 Sang; 20 Work detail; 22 Recommission; 23 Correspondence. DOWN: 1 Political issue; 2 In quarantine; 3 Thousandth; 4 Ribbon; 5 Diapason; 6 Veda; 7 Counterbalance; 9 Accommodation; 12 Compressed; 15 Timorous; 18 Akimbo; 21 Dear.

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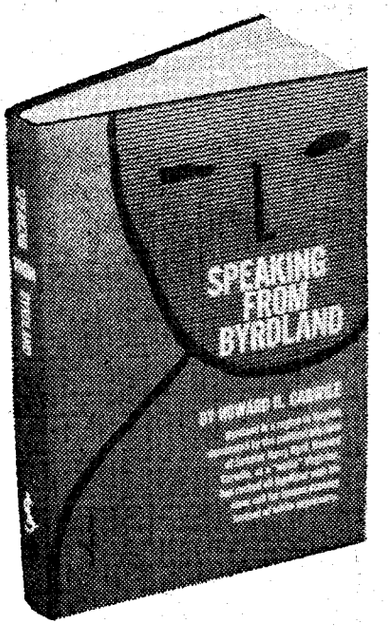

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